

Gabby Hayes

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

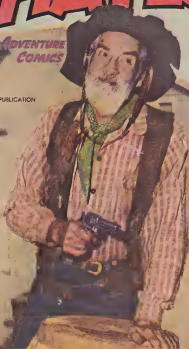
# GABBY HAYES

10¢

No. 55

ADVENTURE  
COMICS

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION





GABBY HAYES

# GABBY HAYES

## DUNKS A RUSTLER

THERE I WAS WITH NO GUN,  
TRAPPED BETWEEN THE THUNDERING  
HORN AND THE HORRORING INJURY!  
SO I JUST STARTED SWIMMING AND...

GRABSON!  
TIPPY'S SO  
WRAPPED UP IN THAT  
PET SQUIRREL HE  
DON'T EVEN  
HEAR ME!

BRING ME  
SOME NUTS,  
BUSHY!

WHAT'S THIS? THE GREAT GABBY HAYES JEALOUS  
OF A WERE SQUIRREL? BUT BEFORE HIS RUT-  
GATHERING TRIP TO CHESTNUT VALLEY BOSS  
GABBY AND BUSHY JOIN FORCES IN A TONGUE-TWISTY  
BATTLE THAT **DUNKS A RUSTLER!**

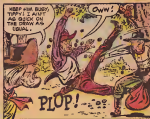
GOOD WORK,  
BUSHY! I'LL TEACH  
YOU TO BE THE  
SMARTER SQUIRREL  
IN THE WORLD.

GRABSON IT, TIPPY!  
YOU'RE SPENDING ALL YOUR  
TIME ON THAT POOL  
GITTER!

POSS  
SCHOOL MAKING  
WILL DROP IF YOU DON'T  
GET UP THAT VARIETY...

GOO, GABBY!

# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES

WHILE TUFFY RACES TO THE BAR, GABBY FINDS THE RUSTLER'S CAMP.



MAYBE I CAN SNEAK INTO THAT HOLLOW TREE AND HEAR WHAT DELICIOUS THEY'RE UP TO!



HERE YUH ARE, DONUTS! THE THREE DOZEN DOUGHNUTS YUH ORDERED FOR A SNAKE!



THAT'S DONUTS, RUNCAN, ALL RIGHT! HERE PLUMB LOOD OTHER DOUGHNUTS!



MAHON! THE FARTHEST POINT IN THE WORLD! DOUGHNUTS WITH A GALLON OF COFFEE FOR DRINKING!



FORGET 'EM JUST FOR ONCE, BOSS! HOW ARE WE GOING TO KILL THAT ORDER FOR A THOUSAND CATTLE?



UNABLE TO RESIST THE DELICACY, GABBY DARINGLY SLIPS UP BEHIND THE RUSTLERS!



WE'LL HIT THE BAR NOTHING TODAY! MOST OF THEIR HORSES ARE BEEN RIDDEN FENCE!



WE'LL SWOOP IN HERE, AROUND THEY KNOW WHERE HE IS, THEN DRIVE THE HERD OUT THE OTHER END OF THE VALLEY!



YUM-YUM!



# GABBY HAYES

DOUGIE MURKIN FIRES INTO A BUSH WHEN HE  
HEARS HIS "KITTIES" GONE.



THEY  
LEAVE  
SWOONED TO  
THIS TREE!

SAID A SMOKE FIRE!  
WE'LL SMOKE THE  
COWBOYS OUT!



AND FRESH AIR!  
SMOKE CAN'T  
GET ME HERE!



SEARCH THE  
WOODS! IT MUST BE  
AN OUTSIDER! NONE  
OF MY MEN ARE LOSE  
ENOUGH TO COMMIT  
THIS CRIME!

LOOK, BOSS!  
FOOTPRINTS!



BOON---

-- COUGH!--  
DISGUSTED  
SMOKE IS CHOKING  
ME! I HATE SO CLOSE  
HIGHER!-- --  
COUGH!



IT'S A RIGHT  
GOOD PERCH! I  
CAN COVER THE  
EXIT FROM THE  
VALLEY, SO THE  
ROBBERIES CAN'T  
GET OUT!

COURAGE  
HE'S HIDE!  
HE'S SOMEWHERE  
IN THE TOP!  
SHOOT HIM  
DOWN!



# GABBY HAYES



**B**UT WHILE GABBY FIGHTS A DELICIOUS ACTION, TIPPY'S HORSE STEPS IN A GOPHER HOLE.



**A** TIME DRAGS ON, GABBY'S AMMUNITION RUNS LOW.

A FEW MORE BULLETS AND I'LL BE DONE!

DON'T WORRY HARRY HOG! YOU BROUGHT TIPPY HOME! ---WHY CAN'T YOU BRING ME SOME BULLETS?



**B**USBY SCAMPERS DOWN THE TRUNK AND INVADERS THE RUSTLETS' CAMP!



**B**USBY RETURNS TO GABBY!



KEEP 'EM COMING BUSBY! NOW THEN CROOKS WILL NEVER GET AWAY!



# GABBY HAYES





# GABBY HAYES



BABBY! YOU'RE SAVING MY LIFE AGAIN, YOU SMART LITTLE CRITTER!



THE HARRISITS TOOK MY SUN, BABBY! I COUGHT TO RUU FOR MY LIFE... BUT I GOT TO DELAY THAT RUSTING RAO BOMEHOW!



HOW IN BLAZES DID HE GET FREE?

I HEARD YEH CALL YORSELF THE WORLD'S CHAMPION DOUGHNUT-EATER! THAT'S A LOT OF DOUGHNUTS!



I CAN EAT MORE DOUGHNUTS THAN ANY HOMBRE FROM HERE TO THE SOUTH FOLE!

YOU'RE GOING TO EAT THEM WORDS, BABBY! WE'LL HAVE A DOUGHNUT-EATING CONTEST! AREN'T I ALL YEH?



THE CONTEST STARTS!

ONLY WAY TO KEEP THESE RUSTERS HERE IS TO EAT DOUGHNUTS UNTIL THE BAKK NOTHING HANDS SHOW UP!

KEEP 'EM COMING, I BECKON THEY MAYB EAT CUNT' HOLD MORE THAN TWO DOWN!



DURING AND MINDING THE COMPETITORS QUANTY BATTLE FOR VICTORY!

LOK! THEY'VE HAD FIFTY APICES! MAKES ME SICK JUST TO THINK OF IT!

SLEEP! MY STOMACH IS GETTING POWERFULL FULL!

WHERE IN TARTATION ARE MY PENCERS? I'M BECOMING TO LOSE MY APPETITE!



HALDY... HERE'S A FEESH BATH, ROSE, YOUR BATH DOWN!

NO! NO! TAKE THEM AWAY! I CAN'T BRADW IT! IN A BAK ANOTHER CRUMB I'LL BUST!

# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES



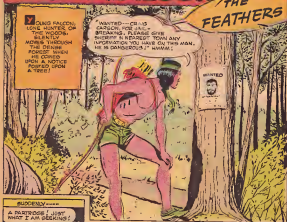
GABBY HAYES

# YOUNG FALCON *in* THE FEATHERS

**Y**OUNG FALCON, WOLF HUNTER OF THE WOODS, SLIDELY MOVED THROUGH THE DENNE FOREST WHEN HE CAME UPON A NOTICE POSTED UPON A TREE!

"WANTED—CRIMINAL CARSON, FOR JAIL—BREAKING. PLEASE GIVE REPORT & REPORT TOWN DAY INFORMATION YOU HAVE ON THIS MAN. HE IS DANGEROUS!" HAAAA!

THE FEATHERS



SUDDENLY

A PARTRIDGE! JUST WHAT I AM SEEKING!



I MUST AIM CAREFULLY, IT IS THE HUNTING SEASON AND THE PARTRIDGE'S FEATHERS WILL BRING GOLDEN!



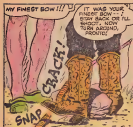
THOUGH I WANT THE BIRD FOR MY STOMACH, I WANT TO RETURN THE FEATHERS TO THE OLD SOUVENIR OF THE GRAND CAMP. SHE WAS PROMISED TO MAKE ME A FINE GLASS OF PARTRIDGE FEATHERS!



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES





GABBY HAYES

# GABBY HAYES

## and The Loco Photo

DON'T BE SO  
STUBBORN, GABBY!  
I WANT A  
PHOTOGRAPH  
OF US  
TOGETHER!

WHAT IN  
TAKINATION FOR,  
HETTER? YOU KNOW  
WHAT THE LOOK  
LIKE, DON'T YU?

**TIM TYPE**  
*Traveling Photographer*  
— and "Loco Only" —  
SAVE YOUR FACE FOR THE FUTURE!

STEP INSIDE,  
FOLKS, AND GET  
TAKEN — UH — I MEAN,  
GET YOUR  
PICTURE  
TAKEN!

**N**othing but trouble  
develops when  
Gabby Hayes  
gets his picture  
taken and  
finds his  
handsome(!)  
features contorted  
into a comical  
LOCO PHOTO!



WPH! LOOKS  
LIKE A  
DABBLED  
TORTURE  
CHAMBER!

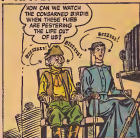
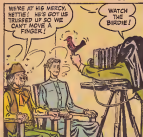
THESE ARE MERELY CLAMPS  
TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T  
MOVE WHEN  
I SHOOT  
YOU!

**SHOOT  
ME? HOLD  
ON, PARD!  
I AIN'T A  
DISGRACED  
TARGET!**

HUSH, GABBY! HE'S  
GOING TO SHOOT THE  
PICTURE! DON'T  
BE SUCH AN  
IDiot!



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES



GREEDY FOR BEST-SELLING PICTURES, TIM SOON MAKES THE MISTAKE OF FREEZING GABBY FROM THE CLAMPS.



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES





GABBY HAYES



WHEN Buck Desmond rode into the town of Valley Flats, he realized, at once, that a racket had been in the making. Looking down the main street, the rambling cowboy saw smashed windows and with glass still littering the board sidewalks. There were fresh bullet marks in the stucco sides of buildings, and the town was quiet! Too quiet . . .

"Humm!" Buck mused, as he reined in his bay horse. "Looks like there's been a first-class riot in Valley Flats! Wonder how come—"

The lean, tanned cowboy's words choked off, as he saw what was happening in an alleyway down the street. Several gents were gathered in a menacing semi-circle around a lanky young rider. They were husky, heavily-armed hooligans, with the tied-down guns and batwing shapes affected by men who did not make their living out on the range! Threateningly, they were closing in on the youth!

"Stand back," he cried, suddenly. "Come closer and I'll shoot! Hear me, Rego?"

"Now, now, Tad!" soothed one of the men in an oily, hoarse voice. "We don't mean no—"

But, even as Rego spoke, his hand whipped down toward his gun! So speedy was his treacherous move that it did not seem that any other human could beat him to the trigger! But, while his Colt was still blurring up, another gun roared! It spoke from behind the group of men, lancing across Rego's wrist. Half-screaming in surprised pain, the big man dropped his gun.

In a single motion, Rego and his comrades wheeled!

Before them, they saw Buck Desmond, his lean hand holding a still-smoking Colt. Its barrel moved in a slow arc, back and forth . . . "That was just one bullet," the rambling cowboy said. "I've got five more in this old cannon, and it's got a filed-down hammer. Shoots fast! So clear out, all of you, 'cept that young fellow there! Vamoose!"

Grimly, silently, the gunmen backed away. Like scared coyotes. Soon they were out of

sight, in the alleys and back saloons of Valley Flats. Then Buck turned to the boy who waited at his side.

"What was that racket all about?" he asked. "You were roasting on a mighty hot spit, son!"

The boy flushed.

"Too hot," he grinned. "But I reckon my dad can tell you more about this than I can. He's Elijah Summers, Mayor of Valley Flats, and I reckon he'd sure appreciate a chance to talk to you, stranger!"

Ten minutes later, Buck and young Tad Summers were in the law office of white-haired Elijah Summers. Gathered about them were several other men, all businessmen and ranchers from the Valley Flats vicinity. Their faces were troubled, and they were looking to Buck Desmond for help.

"Desmond," the Mayor said, "we sure want to thank you for stepping in when those coyotes were about to gun down my boy! Cliff Rego and his gang are a realy bunch, all right?"

"Reckon so," Buck replied. "But what's their game? How come they've been making trouble?"

"It's a long story, mister," Elijah Summers replied. "For years, we folks in Valley Flats have been feuding with the folks in Morgan City, about fifty miles away. Leastways, they've been feuding with us! The situation came to a head recently, when folks in the state decided to run a big state fair. They've narrowed down the choice for the location of the fair to either Valley Flats or Morgan City! A committee of wealthy ranchers is going to visit Valley Flats tomorrow, to decide whether this should be chosen as the spot for the annual fair!"

Buck nodded. "I see," he said. "And you think that the Morgan City people are trying to make trouble—"

"Think?" Elijah Summers exclaimed. "I know! They've hired a big bunch of drivers and no-goods, gunlocks all! They aim to keep stirring up trouble in town, so that it will ap—"

## GABBY HAYES

pear that we have no law and order in Valley Flats, and the committee will decide not to hold the fair here! They've already wounded the sheriff, and I reckon they would have killed my boy today!"

Buck dismissed his flock.

"Then the problem," he mused, "is to get a loop on these critters and clear them out of town— pronto!"

The faces around the rambling cowhand nodded in assent. But they all reflected a single question. "How?"

Buck stood up. "I've got an idea, Summers," he said. "As mayor, you can call a big town meeting. Do that tonight! I reckon you've got a big canvas tent you can hold it under. Make sure everyone knows about it, including Rego's thugs!"

"Including those slicks? But they'll all come. They'll try to break it up!"

"I know," grinned Buck. "And we'll be waiting for them!"

That night, as dusk closed over Valley Flats, a huge canvas tent, souvenir of a traveling show that had once folded in town, was put up, at the edge of the main street. Buck Deemond supervised the erection of the tent, and, as the canvas rose, he whispered cautious instructions to the men who were helping him.

Finally, the tent was filled with waiting townspeople, sitting on rough-hewn benches. In one corner, at the far end, sat Cliff Rego and his thugs. Scowling and mean, they waited for an opportunity to break up the meeting and provoke a fight that would last through the night! If their plan worked, the visiting committee could not fail to see that Valley Flats was no place to hold a state fair!

Now Mayor Elijah Summers rose to speak.

"Friends," he said, "we're here tonight because of this committee meeting tomorrow! We want to make sure that——"

"BOOOO!" "EEE-YIPPEE!" "Shut up, rook old goat!"

A chorus of angry shouts and cat-calls suddenly came from the corner of the tent where Rego's gang hulked. Summers tried to continue with his talk, but again the thugs interrupted him! Buck Deemond tensed when he saw that they were starting to rise—that they were go-

ing to break up the meeting. Quickly, he raised his hand in a signal. Several men were waiting at the tent poles and guy wires. Their eyes were on him!

"Now!" Buck shouted, sweeping his arm down. "Now! Drop the tent!"

His aides quickly pulled loose the supports of the tent, in the section where the Rego gang had been sitting. As the guy wires and poles collapsed, the heavy canvas slumped down like an enveloping cloud! Within a few moments, it had imprisoned the hoodlums under its weighty folds! And only the gunmen were trapped, for the tent had been cleverly rigged to fall on them alone!

As Rego and his men struggled desperately to free themselves from the canvas that pinned them to the ground, Buck quickly stepped to their side, his gun drawn. "Rego! Rego, listen!" he shouted. "We've got our guns trained on you! You can't get out! You can't see to shoot at us, but we can finish you off . . . if we want to!"

There was silence for a moment. Then, from under the canvas—"All right, Deemond! You've got us. So what?"

"So this," Buck ordered, "slide your guns out to us, under the edge of canvas. When they're all out, we'll lift the canvas flap and let you come out, one at a time. Now! Start passing out your guns!"

**A**N HOUR later, the townspeople of Valley Flats stood by, grinning, as the barred door of a cattle car was nudged securely into place. Within the railroad car, they could see the angry faces of the toughs who had been terrorizing their town! Disarmed and helpless, they were being sunn on a ride!

"Where do you think we ought to send them, Buck?" asked Elijah Summers. "Back to Morgan City?"

"Reckon not!" Buck Deemond replied. "They'd get guns and be back here pronto. We'd best send them to the U. S. Marshal at San Bruno. He'll figure out the best thing to do with them. And now let's start cleaning up the town again! That state fair committee'll be coming in tomorrow, and we'll want things to look just right for them!"

THE END

# GABBY HAYES

## GABBY HAYES *and* THE HUMAN PORCUPINE



# GABBY HAYES

ASSISTANT FOREMAN FRED LARSEN ATTEMPTS TO BRUT THE INTRODUCER.

CLAR! OUT!  
WE DON'T STAND  
FOR ANY CRABBY  
REMARKS ABOUT  
GABBY!

SHOW HIM  
HE'S NOT  
SO TOUGH,  
FRED!



PORKY GULL, DOESN'T  
TAKE ORDERS! I  
GIVE 'EM!



Oof! Not  
fast! FEELS  
LIKE I PUNCHED  
A HUNDRED  
NEEDLES!

WAM! WAM! FRED'S  
FINGERBONE AGE WITH  
AS RAILROAD SPURS!



THERE GOES THE  
ASSISTANT FOREMAN!  
BANG ON YOUR TOP  
MAN AND HE'LL GET  
THE SAME!



BY THE HORNB  
SPORN! WHO  
STARTED THIS  
RUMBLE?

LOOK OUT,  
GABBY! I THINK  
HE'S A HUMAN  
FORCUPNE!



WAMMEE! YUH  
CACTUS-FACED  
WAMMEE! OOF!  
--OWWWW!

# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES



GABBY CONCEIVES A DESPERATE PLAN TO SHEAR THE STRONG GARDEN OF HIS POWER!

TELL YORE BOSS LADY YEH WOINT WORK FOR THAT OLD FOGGEL! SHE'LL HAVE TO FIRE HIM!

HIS STRENGTH IS ALL IN THEM WHISKERS! I'LL CUT THEM OFF!



# GABBY HAYES



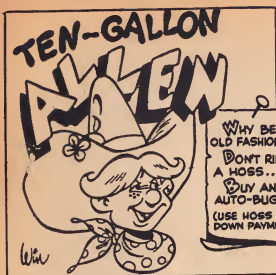


# GABBY HAYES

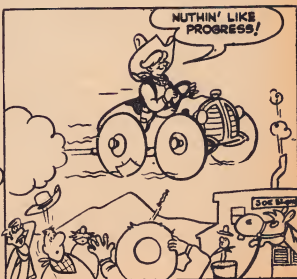
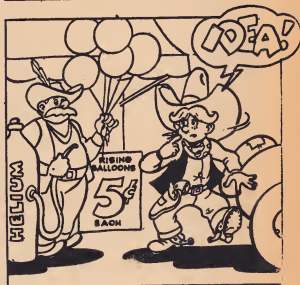
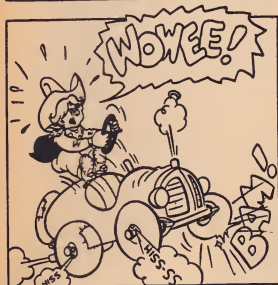
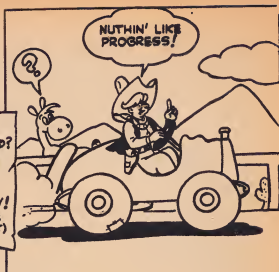


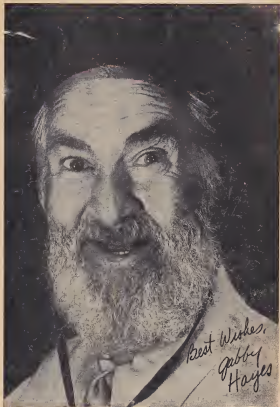
# GABBY HAYES





WHY BE  
OLD FASHIONED?  
DON'T RIDE  
A HOSS...  
BUY AN  
AUTO-BUGGY!  
(USE HOSS AS  
DOWN PAYMENT)





Best Wishes,  
Gabby  
Hayes